

Iron County Register

SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year, \$1.50. Six Months, \$0.75.
Three Months, \$0.50.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
1 Square 1 week, \$1.00; 1 column 1 year, \$3.00.
2 Squares 1 week, \$1.50; 1 column 1 year, \$3.00.
3 Squares 1 week, \$2.00; 1 column 1 year, \$3.00.
Yearly Advertisers have the privilege of four changes without additional charge.

Address: REGISTER, Ironton, Missouri.

Official Directory.

U. S. SENATORS:
HON. F. M. COCKRILL, Warrensburg.
HON. G. G. WEST, Kansas City.
MEMBER OF CONGRESS:
HON. MARTIN L. CLARKE, Tenth District,
De Soto, Mo.
U. S. LAND OFFICE—JAMES H. CHASE,
Register; WM. R. EDGAR, Receiver—Ironton,
Mo.
STATE SENATOR:
HON. J. PERRY JOHNSON, Twenty-fourth
District, Fredericktown.
REPRESENTATIVE—IRON COUNTY—W. T.
CROCKER, Goodwater.
JOHN L. THOMAS, Judge Twenty-sixth
Circuit, De Soto, Mo.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY IRON COUNTY.

COURTS:
Circuit Court is held on the
Fourth Monday in April and October.
County Court convenes on the
First Monday of March, June, September
and December.
Probate Court is held on the First
Monday in February, May, August and No-
vember.

OFFICERS:
A. W. HOLLOMAN, Presiding Judge County
Court.
JOS. G. CLARKSON, County Judge, South
ern District.
R. J. HILL, County Judge, Western Dis-
trict.
J. S. JORDAN, Prosecuting Attorney.
S. E. RUFFORD, Collector.
W. A. FLETCHER, County Clerk.
JOS. HUFF, Circuit Clerk.
FRANZ DINGER, Probate Judge.
WM. H. WHITWORTH, Treasurer.
P. W. WHITWORTH, Sheriff.
S. P. REYNOLDS, Assessor.
W. N. GREGORY, Coroner.
J. T. AKE, Public Administrator.
A. W. HOLLOMAN, Surveyor.
J. B. SCOTT, School Commissioner.

CHURCHES:

M. E. CHURCH, Cor. Reynolds and
Mountain Streets, W. T. NEFF, Pastor. Res-
idence: Ironton. Services every Sabbath at
11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 9:30
A. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening.
Class Meeting Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.
At Graniteville, 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30
P. M. Ladies' Prayer Meeting Thursday,
7:30 P. M.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Cor. Rey-
nolds and Knob Streets Ironton. D. A. WIL-
SON, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 A.
M. and 7 P. M., except the 5th Sabbath A. M.
and 1st and 3d Sabbath P. M., which are
given to Graniteville. Prayer meeting Thurs-
day at 7:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30
A. M.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
Cor. Reynolds and Knob Streets, Ironton.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Madison street,
near Knob street.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, Fort Hill,
between Ironton and Arcadia. ELISHA
HEADLEE, Pastor.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, Arcadia College
and Pilot Knob. L. C. WERNET, Pastor.
High Mass and Sermon at Arcadia College,
every Sunday at 8 o'clock A. M. Vespers and
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 5
o'clock P. M. Mass and Sermon at Pilot
Knob Catholic Church at 10:30 o'clock A. M.
Sunday School for children at 1:30 o'clock P.
M.

LUTHERAN CHURCH, Pilot Knob.
Rev. ROBERT SMUCKAL, Pastor.
A. M. E. CHURCH, Corner Shepherd
and Washington streets, Ironton. A. AB-
RAHAM, Pastor.

SOCIETIES:

IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F.,
meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main
and Madison streets. THOMAS BEARD, N. G.
FRANZ DINGER, Secretary.

IRONTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 29, I.
O. O. F., meets on the first and third Thurs-
day evenings of every month at Odd-Fel-
lows' Hall, corner Main and Madison streets.
THOS. BEARD, C. P. FRANZ DINGER, Scribe.

STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 133,
A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, corner
Main and Madison streets, at 7 P. M. B. B.
SHEPHERD, M. E. H. P. FRANZ DINGER,
Secretary.

MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A.
meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and
third Tuesdays of each month at 7 P. M. B.
SHEPHERD, M. E. H. P. FRANZ DINGER,
Secretary.

VALLEY LODGE, No. 1870,
KNIGHTS OF HONOR, meets in
Odd-Fellows' Hall every alternate
Wednesday evening. W. T. AKE,
D. W. B. NEWMAN, Reporter.

EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A.
F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second
Saturday of each month.

PILOT KNOB.
PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 253, A. O.
U. W., meets every 2d and 4th Wednesday
evenings, 7:30 P. M., upstairs in Union
Church.

PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 158, I. O. O.
F., meets every Tuesday evening at their
hall. CHAS. MASCHMEYER, Secretary.

PILOT KNOB MINERS' BENEVOLENT
ASSOCIATION. WM. SEARLE, President.
THOS. TONNELLIE, Secretary.

IRON LODGE, No. 30, SONS OF HER-
MAN, meets on the second and last Sunday of
each month. WM. STEVENS, President.
VIL EFFINGER, Secretary.

PILOT KNOB LAW AND ORDER
LEAGUE. JOSEPH PRICE, President.
THOS. TONNELLIE, Secretary.

IRON MOUNTAIN.
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 430,
A. F. & A. M., meets on Saturday night of each week,
after the full moon. JNO. WEBB, W. M.
M. SMITH, Secretary.

IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 260, I.
O. F., meets Wednesday night of each week.
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 293,
A. O. U. W., meets on the first and third
Friday of each month.

BELLEVUE.
MOSAIC LODGE No. 351, A. F. & A.
M., meets on Saturday night of or preceding
full moon. JAS. HILL, W. M.

PHOEBE LODGE, No. 330, I. O. O. F.,
meets every Saturday in Masonic Hall.

THE DOG AND HOW TO TRAIN HIM
The Largest and Best book
on the Dog ever published. Fully illustrated.
Over 100 pages. Much about the origin, bearing,
keeping, training, and management of dogs than
can be had in any other book. Price 25c by mail.
The PUBLISHERS & FARMER, Warsaw, Indiana.

J. W. EMERSON,
Late Judge 15th Circuit,
Attorney at Law,
Ironton, Missouri,
PRACTICES in all the courts of the State. Strict
and prompt attention to all business.

BERNARD ZWART,
Attorney at Law,
(COMMISSIONER U. S. CIRCUIT COURT.)
Ironton, Missouri,
Pays prompt attention to collections, tak-
ing depositions, paying taxes in all counties
in Southeast Missouri; to settlement of es-
tate and partnership accounts, business at
the Land Office, purchase and sale of mineral
lands, and all law business entrusted to his
care. Examination of land titles and con-
veyancing a specialty.

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XX.

IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1887.

NUMBER 46.

THE HEADQUARTERS! BARNHOUSE CITY GROCERY.

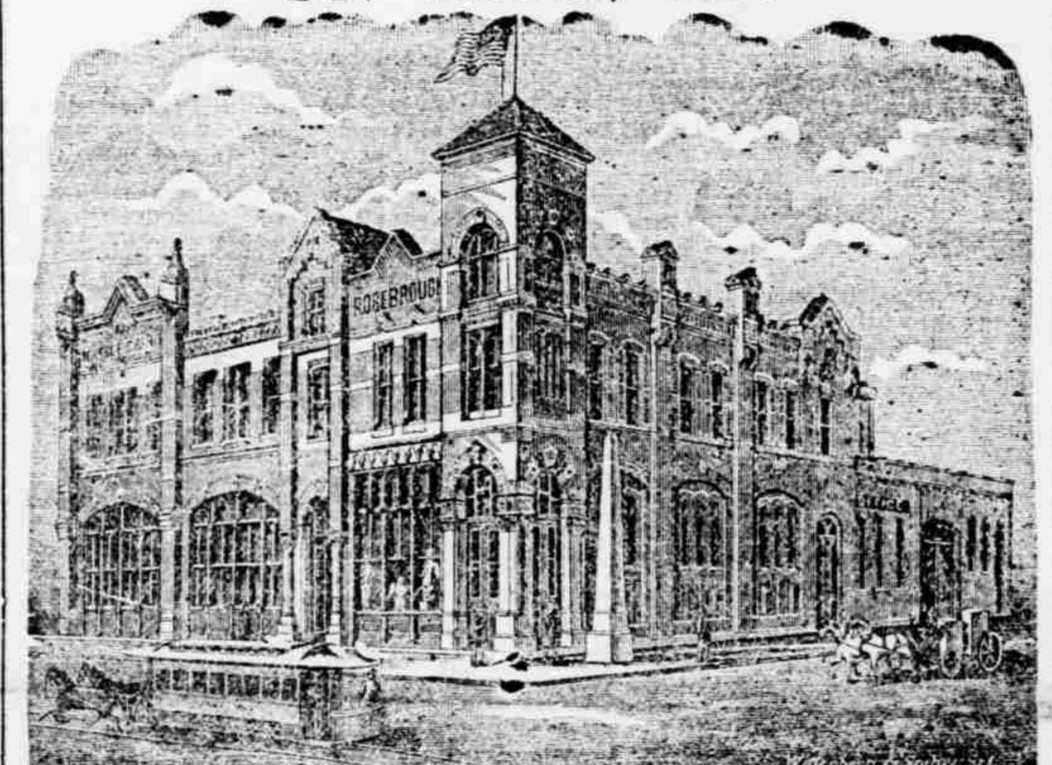
Confectionery and Restaurant,
South Side Courthouse St.
IRONTON.

A Complete Line of Fresh Staple and Fancy
Groceries.

Also, Fresh Confectionery, consisting of
Fancy and Home Made Candies &c.
Full Line of Tropical Fruits.
Nuts, Prize Packages, Chewing Gums, &c. Large Stock of
RESTAURANT GOODS,
Consisting of Canned Meats, Fish, Vegetables and Fruit, in
Great Varieties, Dried Beef, Sausages, Etc.
Tobacco, Cigars and Cigarettes a Specialty.

LUNCHES AND WARM MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
Second-Hand Books Bought
and Sold.

R. L. ROSEBROUGH SONS'
GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS
ST. LOUIS, MO.



Monuments, Tombstones, Mantels and everything in
the Marble and Granite Line furnished on short notice.
Designs and photographs can be seen at L. J. Giovanoni's,
Undertaker, who is our agent at Ironton, Mo. Iron fencing,
of the Roger Iron Fence Co.'s make, for cemetery lots.

BALDWIN BROS

Carpenters & Builders,
AND MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
Window and Door Frames
BUILDINGS AND BALISTERS, both sawed and turned; FLOORING AND CEIL-
ING, WEATHERBOARDING, and SCOTCH SIDING, tongued and grooved, and
DRESSED FINISHING LUMBER, constantly on hand.
Give us a trial, and we guarantee satisfaction. We compete with St. Louis
prices. [45-1f.] **BALDWIN BROS.,** Ironton, Mo.

JACK STILL AHEAD!

CABINETS REDUCED TO \$3.00.
CARDS REDUCED TO \$1.00.
Copying and Enlarging DONE TO ORDER!
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Remember JACKSON'S GALLERY, near the
Courthouse, opposite American Hotel!

WE MEAN BUSINESS!

—IN SPIKE OF—
SIM. BUCKMAN,
OR ANY OTHER
1ST-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER.
WE'RE SETTLED IN SAID
BUCKMAN'S STUDIO
AND GUARANTEE TO DO IT
The Very Best of Work for You!

JOHN ALBERT,

Undertaker
Of Funerals,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE, PUMPS, PAINTS, GLASS, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS &c.
COFFINS, ALL SIZES AND PRICES, ALWAYS ON HAND.
Furniture Made and Repaired.
Also Parlor, Heating and Cooking Stoves.

THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER!

FOR 1887.
DAILY AND WEEKLY

THE NEWEST,
MOST FEARLESS,
MOST POPULAR,
ABLEST EDITED
Newspaper in America.

For inside information of schemes, public,
corporate, private or other kind, you will be
obliged to read THE ENQUIRER.
As to political and social intelligence,
TRUTH AND FACTS.

One is sadly ignorant who fails to consult
that greatest of all newspapers.

THE ENQUIRER!

For a live newspaper that allows nothing
to escape its knowledge; suppresses nothing
of importance for a bribe or obligation; ap-
plies no sugar-coating for ease for evil deeds
or their authors; calls mistakes by their
proper names;

NONE EQUAL THE ENQUIRER.

Comprised in its columns are complete
Market Reports, Telegraphic News from all
over the world, Excellent Feature Articles,
Miscellaneous Food for the Intelligent Brain,
Moral Instruction, terse Criticisms and
Sparkling Wit.

The policy of the ENQUIRER is to serve the
whole country and the people impartially; to
bring about genuine and lasting reforms ben-
eficial to all; to freely speak the truth and
give facts; to expose corruption wherever
found, and to render all possible assistance
in the detection and punishment of vice.

Subscribe for it for 1887, and enjoy the sat-
isfaction of being a reader of the best news-
paper in the world.

THE WEEKLY ENQUIRER

Is the Family Paper for the country home.
It gives the general news of the whole world
up to the day of publication; contains a mass
of choice reading matter; deals in Art, Lit-
erature, and Science, and its Market Reports,
Agricultural Department and Household
page can not be surpassed. It is the largest
and cheapest paper in Union, and is covered
by every body to be the best weekly paper
published.

WEEKLY ENQUIRER.
ONE YEAR, \$1.15. SIX MONTHS, 65c.
A Free Copy for Clubs of Five.

DAILY ENQUIRER.
1 Mo. 3 Mos. 6 Mos. 1 Yr.
Sunday and Daily \$1.50 \$3.75 \$7.00 \$14.00
Daily, exc. Sunday 1.25 3.25 6.00 12.00
Any three days 1.75 3.25 6.00
Any two days 1.25 2.25 4.00
Any one day .25 .65 1.25 2.00
Sunday issue .25 .65 1.25 2.00

Address **ENQUIRER,**
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

JOHN R. McLEAN,
Publisher and Proprietor.

Missouri State Normal School.

THIRD DISTRICT.
CAPE GIRARDEAU.

An institution established and supported by the State
to educate teachers for our common schools.

TRAINING THROUGH TUITION FREE.
Discipline Good. Expenses Light.

Location Healthy.
Demand for Normal Teachers is Great and Increasing.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

BELLEVUE
COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,
CALEDONIA, MO.,

is a first-class school for both sexes.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Unsurpassed in the West. 88 boarding stu-
dents, and 55 Music pupils, enrolled last year.

GIRLS' BOARDING DEPARTMENT
under charge of Mrs. J. H. Headlee.

Thorough

COMMERCIAL COURSE
at only \$5.00 per term extra.

Total expense of board, washing and tu-
ition, only \$103.00 per year.

Next session opens Sept. 1st, 1886.

Address,
W. D. VANDIVER, Ph. B.,
President.

Academy of Music,
Ironton, Mo..

For Theatrical and Operatic Enter-
tainments, Exhibitions, Balls, Etc.

Auditorium, 50x37 feet. Stage, 22x37 feet.
with opening or proscenium 15x31x12. Two
dressing-rooms, one on either side of stage,
and a large room underneath. Four Scenes.
Street, Wood, Kitchen and Parlor—in grooves.
Fitted with all ordinary appointments. Hall
seated with chairs, and gallery with benches.
Seating capacity about 500.

The towns of Ironton, Pilot Knob and
Arcadia, with a population of 3,000, are
within a radius of three miles—Ironton in
the centre.

For terms, etc., apply to
W. T. GAY, Superintendent.

DR. A. S. PRINCE,
DENTIST,
Ironton, Missouri,
TENDERS professional services to the peo-
ple of this section. He will be found at all
times at his office, and will give prompt atten-
tion to the demands of his patrons.

FROM STRAND TO STRAND!

EDINBURGH, April 13th, 1887.

My Dear M—
This is my second day in Edinburgh,
but before I tell you about its palaces
and its hovels, its prince's streets and
poverty streets—for I have heard the
remark that Edinburgh is at once one
of the cleanest as well as dirtiest, rich-
est and poorest city in all Europe; that
here extremes meet—I must go
back to old Ireland and take up the
thread of my story where it was broken
en, at Cork, in my last letter.

Leaving the latter place at 2:30 P. M.
on the 8th inst., an hour's ride brought
me to Mallo, on the banks of the
Blackwater, a very quaint, old-fash-
ioned town near a very interesting riv-
er, celebrated for its fine fishing as well
as picturesque scenery.

I had not thought of looking about
any here, but having seven hours to
wait for a train to Killybeg, I wander
about, and presently find myself in the
town some half a mile from the depot.
A solitary policeman directs me to the
Spa, once a great health resort, but
now deserted. A neat house encloses
the spring, and a man in charge ex-
plains how once the place was over-
crowded with visitors, but now, alas!
visitors and happiness rarely bless
their eyes.

On my return to the main
street, my guide policeman is waiting
to show me over the grounds of Sir D.
Norreys, who is an old Irish gentleman
some eighty odd years of age, and who
has a reprobate son, my guide informs
me; a wild and dissolute youth of 56,
and who, a few years ago, against his
father's express order, ran away with
a blacksmith's daughter and married
her in Cork. Sir Norreys has not for-
given his son, and yet endeavor to cut
him off with a shilling, if the laws of
entail do not prevent.

The estate is east of town, and at the
entrance stands an old castle, in ruins,
and covered completely with ivy. The
modern residence of the owner stands
near and is a many towered, many
gabled building; too large and lonely
altogether for the old man and only
daughter who inhabit it.

After inspecting the buildings we
take a long walk through the grounds.
A mile and a half brings us to the "big
rock" on the bank of the river, at the
base of which, and near the water's edge,
are numerous caves, inhabited by
foxes and other wild animals. A flight
of stone steps leads to the top of the
rock, which is probably 150 feet high,
and there are arbors and seats and all
sorts of pleasant nooks and corners for
the use of visitors who come daily to
enjoy the shade and the pretty view
to be had from the top of "big rock."

We start on our return to town by a
circuitous route along the bank of the
river, passing through an iron gate into
the park, which is enclosed by a
high stone wall. Many beautiful deer
are quietly and fearlessly feeding all
about us, and we spend an hour or two
in the shades of these old trees, which
do not seem to have been disturbed for
centuries; not one missing except here
and there where one has succumbed to
old age and been uprooted by the wind.

The sun is down before I think of re-
turning—my policeman guide seems to
think the sleepy old town, born probab-
ly ten or twenty centuries ago, is able
to take care of itself—and when we do
turn our steps homeward we find the
regulation time for closing the big iron
gates of the park is past—it is after six
o'clock, and we are locked in! I am
quite puzzled to know how to get out.

The gate is strong and high, with very
sharp points on top; the wall is very
smooth, and full twelve feet high. But
here is where the guide shows his in-
genuity; possibly it is only an effort of
memory, as he may have been in the
same fix before: he simply climbs the
gate to the top of the wall and steps off
into the road outside, which, at this
point, being on the upper hill side, is
about even with the top of the wall. I
follow suit, and here we are.

After the usual formula of leave tak-
ing from my guide, who is really one
of the pleasantest fellows I meet in
the island, I return to the Railway
Hotel, where I have supper and am
entertained until eleven by the only
Englishman I meet during my trip
through Ireland. He had the very pecu-
liar fashion of ending all his sen-
tences with a forcible "eh? what?" but
he very kindly made out a route for
me, which I will make use of on my
next visit to this country.

At about midnight I took the train
for the lakes, where we arrived early
the next morning, and found what
seemed a majority of the inhabitants
of the place awaiting our arrival, and
each representing the only decent house
in the place.

Books have been written on the
beauties of this region. The lakes and
mountains, broken gaps and waterfalls,
ruined castles and monasteries, all are
of the greatest interest. From some
points, the Gap of Dunloe particularly,
the panorama is glorious, and should
be viewed silently and at leisure in or-
der to be enjoyed. I can only touch a
point or two, and hasten on. Taking
a young Irishman as guide, we started
early in the morning for a day's walk.
We visit Aghadee Castle, near the
town, which is said to be more than ten
centuries old; walk for many miles
along the banks of the lakes; climb

mountains, where we get good views
of the lakes and islands and the distant
waterfalls; and late in the afternoon
find ourselves near the famous Muck-
cross Abbey.

If my guide's story is to be believed,
and he tells it as if he not only believes
it himself, but also expects me to be-
lieve it—this Abbey dates back long
before the Christian Era.

"Long years ago a monk had a vision
which told him he must go to a place
called Muckcross and found an abbey.
He, not knowing where the place was,
began his journey, expecting to be in-
formed in some miraculous way, when
his quest was at an end. After many
days of weary marches and nights of
lonely rest, through bogs and briers
and tangled wood he reached the spot,
though still unknown to him; he laid
his weary body down beneath the
spreading branches of an immense yew
tree, near the bank of Killarney lake.

An old woman and her little daughter
hunting their cow the next morning,
while it was yet dark, awoke the
monk, and lo! before him stood the ab-
bey, built in a single night, of solid
stone and mortar—and not a stick of
timber left!" It is held as a mir-
acle to this day. In proof of it is the fact
that in the centre of the ruins now
stands that same yew tree, 13 feet in
circumference as I measured it, and its
limbs spread and overtop the walls
which encircle it.

The day following, Sunday, 10th inst.,
I spent in Dublin, visiting some of the
finest churches; the cemetery, which
is kept in the best order possible, and
among the many thousands of monu-
ments: the largest is the O'Connell;
Phoenix Park, which has many inter-
esting monuments: the largest is Wel-
lington's. This park contains 1700 acres
and is said to be the largest in the king-
dom. Many hundreds of very lean and
tame deer were grazing on the lawns.
But I do not find the cities so interest-
ing, and hasten on by the night train
to Belfast; from there on the 6:30 train
to Port Rush, which is at the northern
extremity of the Island. From Port
Rush to the Giant's Causeway is thir-
teen miles, and this trip may be made
over an electric railway. It is one of
only four roads of this kind in Europe.
I ride but half way out on it, when at
the suggestion of a Mr. Hutchinson, a
landlord living near, we stop the train
and get off for a walk along the sea
shore, which proves to be very pleas-
ant indeed.

My guide, who is a real gentleman
this time, has just come into possession
of a large property through the death
of his brother, and being now the eld-
est son. He points out to me the house
built by his grandfather more than a
hundred years ago, and gives me quite
a history of the neighborhood gener-
ally. Walking along the very edge of
the sea, the waves come rolling in and
often compel us to retreat before the
advance of a big one. When we are
nearly to the hotel at the Causeway
my guide leaves me—I meet him again
on my return to Belfast in the evening
—to the mercies of the regulation guides
of the place. As I near the hotel I am
overtaken by one who has left his po-
tato planting for a more profitable job.
He is the man who "showed" Gen. Sher-
man the place, and dear knows how
many other prominent men from
America. I engage him at once.
Archie, he tells me, is his name.
After a hearty lunch—I am hungry
after I have been in many years—we
proceed to explore the Causeway,
"around"

Whose caverned base the whirlpools
bursting and eddying irresistibly,
Rage and rebound forever."

The first point is to see the caves
which lie under the rocks N. W. of the
hotel. The principal and most beauti-
ful is Perthoon into which a boat may
be rowed for a long distance. It is 350
feet in length and 45 feet high. We
descend the precipitous bluff to the
shore, and embark on a small boat
with two oarsmen. The wind is blow-
ing strong and quite a little sea is on;
we proceed at once to the cave above
mentioned; when we come to the en-
trance the boat stops, waiting for a fa-
vorable chance to enter. The opening
is narrow, and dark. The wind is
blowing inshore, and the waves dash
themselves into foam on the rocks
at either side of the cave. I would
almost rather have been back on terra
firma again, but the guide says there
is not any danger—he has taken my
old commander through safely, and so
he would me. Putting their oars into
the water, they selected what seemed
a favorable wave—one of the largest,
and we went sailing into the mouth of
the cave, and disappeared in the dark-
ness. At about 250 feet from the en-
trance we came to a place wide enough
to turn the boat around. Facing the
light brought to view the contrast be-
tween the peroxide of iron with which
the cave is lined, and the deep green
sea water below.

Dunkerry cave was next visited. It
muen larger, but of the same charac-
ter, being 600 feet long, and 95 feet
high.

Rackley is a third cave near by, but
we only row past it, as it is unsafe to
enter on account of the sunken rocks
at the mouth.

The Causeway itself must be seen to
be understood. I can give no descrip-

JOB-WORK

The REGISTER's facilities for doing job-
work are unsurpassed in Southeast Missouri
and we turn out the best of work, such as

POSTERS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER-HEADS
STATEMENTS,
Envelopes, Cards, Dodgers
BRIEFS, PAMPHLETS, ETC.,

AT LOW PRICES.

tion of it. Nobody can guess how, why
or when it was formed. It is a tussle,
acres in extent, of three, four, five, six,
seven, eight and nine-sided basaltic
columns, from two inches to two feet in
diameter, all so closely set and fit to-
gether that you can't get a knife blade
between them, and that is all I know
about it. My guide offered to ship me
a section of one, C. O. D., but I declin-
ed.

Hurrying back to Port Rush, thence
to Belfast, which I reach at eight that
evening, at 9:30 I go down to the wharf
to take boat for Ardrossin, across the
channel in Scotland. A crowd of us
wait around in the chill night air for
the appearance of the ticket agent who
is to "book" us for the passage; he
comes not until about two minutes be-
fore the time of sailing, each one rush-
es for his ticket; the Irish guide makes
a last effort for remuneration in taking
our hand-bags to carry on the steamer.
We get on board somehow, and pull
out from the shore; all objects are veiled
in murkiness. Towards 12 o'clock
we creep into our corner, and thoughts
of Ireland, friends, home, and when
we shall see them all again, fade into
confused dreams.

Affectionately yours
PAPA.

Water on the Brain.

A coolness exists between an engaged
couple, in the fashionable residence
portion of the city, which is feared
will break up the marriage. It seems
that some neighboring boys were hav-
ing fun by going to the residence of the
young lady and ringing the door-bell,
one evening last week. They had rung
the bell several times, and when the
servant went to the door there was no
body there, though she could hear some
smothering laughing near the fence.
The engaged young lady and her sister,
who are about as full of fun as any boys,
thought they would turn the tables on
the young rascals, so they took a pile
of water to their room, which is direct-
ly over the front door, intending to
drown the boys out the next time they
rung the bell. The intended mischief
girl was the one who rung the bell
next. He was attired in evening cos-
tume, and was a perfect picture of what
a bridegroom should be. His claw
hammer cost fit like the paper on the
wall, his white vest, and shirt, and
necktie and collar were spotless, his
pant legs were a triumph of his tailor,
while his patent leather shoes were
shiny. He walked up to the front door
as proud as Lucifer, and his face plain-
ly showed that he anticipated an even-
ing of unalloyed happiness. He had
thrown away his cigar and was chew-
ing cloves, and he was prepared to re-
fection. When he pulled the bell and
heard the faint rattling away back in
the kitchen, he mentally figured on
how many minutes it would be before
he would hear the parlor maid. He
adored one in his arms, and the warm
kisses being gathered from the rich red
lips. There was a "swish," and it
seemed to him the heavens had opened
and a cloud had burst, and he saw
like the November wind as the cold
water struck him on the bare forehead,
he having removed his hat to wipe the
perspiration from his brow. The water
did not leave a dry stitch of clothing
on him. For a moment he was stun